

16th Annual Poetry Prize Runner-Up

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## THE PORT CITY OF CÁDIZ, ANDALUCÍA

Breaking inside me is a line I once read  
about a hill, mole-colored and bare.  
Its long windings ebb and swell, guide me,  
heavy like a ship, along the edge of thought  
until I rest, moored at a stop.  
The line is a moment I lose with my breath,  
the hill, a fleeting vision in an Italian square.  
Here, in Cádiz, there are few hills, fewer lost breaths  
except when looking to the sea,  
saltwater lapping at hulls,  
callous-handed men hauling thick rope stretched across foam,  
woven nets spilling over with cuttlefish and tuna.

This city, this southern coast, holds no promise of snow,  
no hunters, no loneliness—  
instead, fish markets, clams and mussels,  
the smell of *caballa asada* next to overripe oranges.